
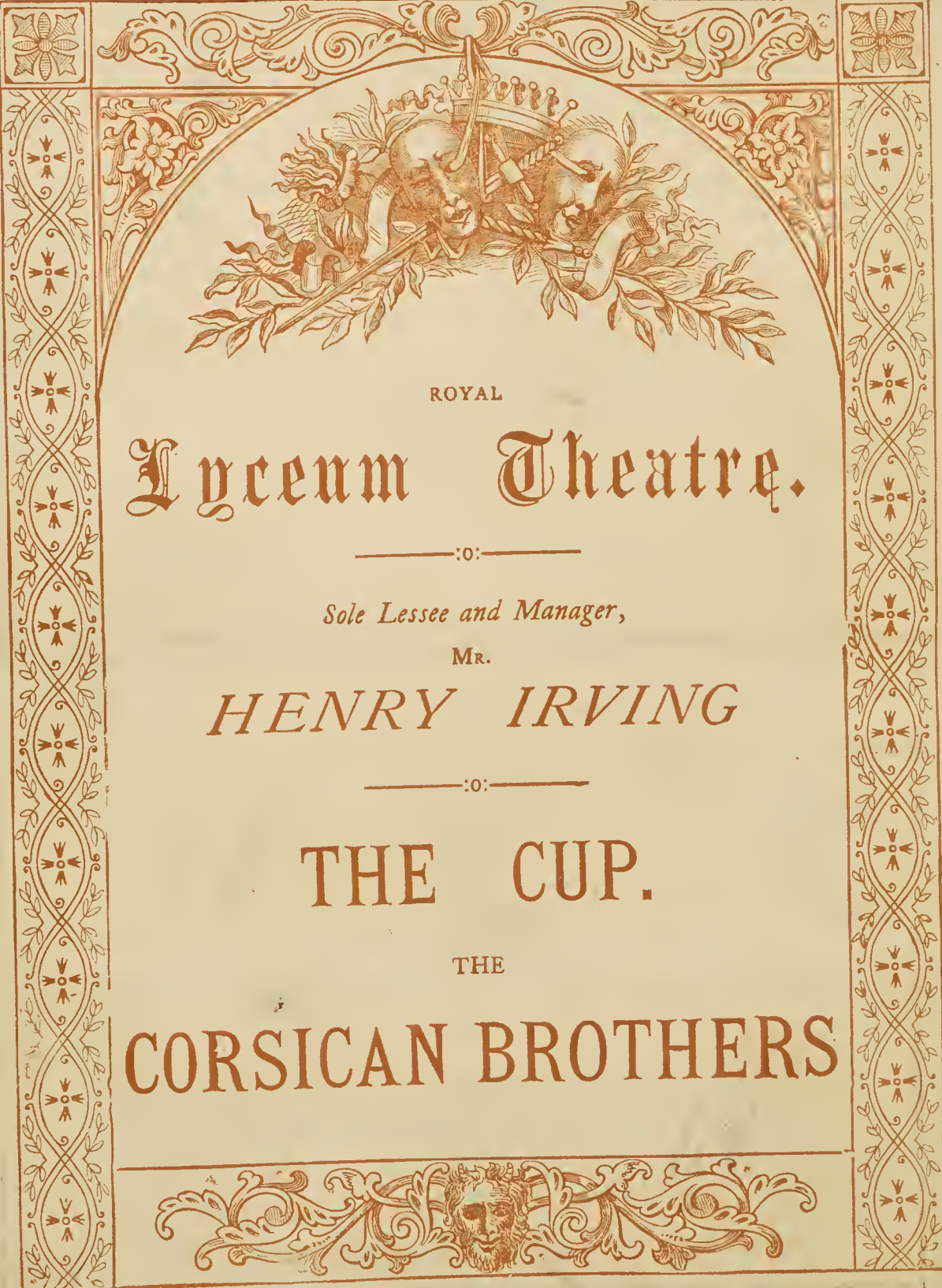


1881

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ROYAL

Lycæum Theatre.

—:O:—

Sole Lessee and Manager,

MR.


HENRY IRVING

—:O:—

THE CUP.

THE

CORSICAN BROTHERS



TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 1st, 1881, at 7.45,

Will be performed, a Tragedy in TWO ACTS, by

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON,

entitled

THE CUP.

56th REPRESENTATION.

The Overture, Entr'acte, and Incidental Music by Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE.

The Scenery, by HAWES CRAVEN, W. CUTHBERT, and WILLIAM TELBIN.

The Costumes executed by Mrs. WHITE, Mrs. REID, and Mens. ALLAS.

The Armour by LEBLANC-GRANGER.

The Appointments by Mr. ARNOTT.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN GALATIA, A PROVINCE OF ASIA MINOR.

GALATIANS:

SYNORIX	(An ex-Tetrarch)	...	Mr. IRVING.
SINNATUS	(A Tetrarch)	.	Mr. TERRISS.
ATTENDANT	Mr. HARWOOD.
BOY	Miss BROWN.
MAID	Miss HARWOOD.
PHCEBE	Miss PAUNCEFORT
CAMMA	{ Wife of Sinnatus, and afterwards Priestess in the Temple of Artemis }				Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Priestesses and Attendants in Temple—The Misses MORELEY, THORNTON, BARNETT, LANG, EDWARDS, BUCKINGHAM, DOLMAN, HAWKES, COLERIDGE, WALDON, CADDICK, TAYLOR, HOUGHTON, SHAVEY, KNIGHT, HOOD, MOORE, BROUGHTON, HARRIS, BARROW, BARE, COSTA, BARKER, BLAKE, HASTING, YOUNG, GORDON, GRIFFITHS, BAINBRIDGE, FLORENCE, DARBIGNY, ELISE, GRAINGER, WREN, CLAIR, and DAVIS.

Attendants in Temple, Citizens, Huntsmen, &c., &c.

ROMANS:

ANTONIUS	(a Roman General)	...	Mr. TYARS.
PUBLIUS	Mr. HUDSON.
NOBLEMAN	Mr. MATTHISON.
HERALD	Mr. ARCHER.
Soldiers, &c., &c.					

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Distant View of a City of Galatia . (AFTERNOON) . W. Telbin.

SCENE 2. A Room in the Tetrarch's House . (EVENING) . W. Telbin.

SCENE 3. Distant View of a City of Galatia . (DAWN) . W. Telbin.

(Half-a-Year is supposed to elapse between the Acts.)

ACT II.

Interior of the Temple of Artemis Hawes Craven and W. Cuthbert.

(THE INTERVAL BETWEEN THE ACTS WILL BE FIFTEEN MINUTES.)

FOLLOWED BY

A Legendary Drama founded upon DUMAS' Novel, "Les Frères Corses," and
altered for the English Stage by DION BOUCICAULT, entitled,

THE

CORSICAN BROTHERS.

156th REPRESENTATION.

The Scenery by HAWES CRAVEN, W. CUTHBERT and H. CUTHBERT.

The Figure Paintings by C. CATERMOLE.

The Overture and Incidental Music composed and arranged by Mr. HAMILTON, CLARKE.

The Costumes by KERSLAKE & CO., Mrs. REID and Madame CARREE.

The Bal Masqué arranged by J. LAURIE.

Machinist, Mr. MATHER.

The Appointments by Mr. ARNOTT.

THE 1ST AND 2ND ACTS ARE SUPPOSED TO OCCUR SIMULTANEOUSLY.

M. Fabien dei Franchi	}	(Twin Brothers)	...	Mr. IRVING.
M. Louis dei Franchi	}			
M. de Château Renaud	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Baron de Montgiron	Mr. ELWOOD.	M. Beauchamp	...	Mr. FERRAND.
M. Alfred Meynard	Mr. PINERO.	Tomaso (a Guide)	...	Mr. HARWOOD.
Colonna { Corsican }	Mr. JOHNSON.	A Surgeon	...	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Orlando { Peasants }	Mr. MEAD.	Madame Savilia	}	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Antonio Sanola	...	dei Franchi	}	
	(Judge of the District)	Marie	...	Miss HARWOOD.
Giordano Martelli	...	Celestine	...	Miss BARNETT.
Griffo	...	Coralie	...	{ Miss MARION
Boissec	...			THORNTON.
	(A Wood Cutter)	Estelle	...	Miss HOULISTON.
M. Verner	...	Eugenie	...	Miss MORELEY.
Emilie de Lesparre	Miss SOPHIE YOUNG.
Corsicans, Servants, Masks, Dominos, &c				

PERIOD 1840.

ACT I.

CORSICA.

HALL AND TERRACE OF THE CHÂTEAU DEI FRANCHI AT SULLACARO.
THE APPARITION.

ACT II.

PARIS.

INTERIOR OF THE OPERA HOUSE. MASQUERADE BALL AND CARNIVAL.

LOBBY OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

SALON IN THE HOUSE OF MONTGIRON.

THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE VISION.

ACT III.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

FROZEN GLADE IN THE FOREST.

THE DUEL

THE APPARITION.

MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON'S
TRAGEDY,

THE CUP.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5th.

Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Preceded at Two o'clock, by

BY GONES.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY,

With Illustrations in Colours, realistic of the principal Scenes,

FROM DRAWINGS MADE UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

Mr. IRVING,

DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY

MARCUS WARD & CO.,

Sold at the Theatre, and by all Booksellers,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

The Bill of the Play will in every part of the House be supplied without charge. No Fees of any kind are permitted, and Mr. IRVING trusts that in his endeavour to carry out this arrangement, he may rely on the co-operation of the Public, who are requested, should there be any cause of complaints, or especial satisfaction, to refer to the Acting Manager, Mr. BRAM STOKER.

Prices:—Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 4s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, £1 11s. 6d., £2 12s. 6d., £3 3s. and £4 4s.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.15, PERFORMANCE TO COMMENCE AT 7.45.

NO FEES OF ANY KIND.

Stage Manager	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. J. LOVEDAY.
Acting Manager	-	-	-	-	Mr. BRAM STOKER.
Musical Director	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE.

Box Office open 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH HURST, of whom Seats can be booked One Month in advance, also by Letter or Telegram.



THE CUP.

To all who set a due value upon literature and art, the production of a drama by the Poet-Laureate, under the auspices of Mr. Henry Irving, must be an event of considerable interest; and those who have taken delight in Mr. Tennyson's lyrical works, loving to abstract their thought in the promptings of his passionate imagination, naturally look with longing to its embodiment in a dramatic form which is to make it vital for the whole world. Such anticipations, however, cannot be wholly free from fear; for although it is evident that a great lyrical poet must possess that true note of human passion which is the highest attribute of the poetical dramatist, it does not follow that he has also that other attribute, the skill of the playwright, which is the more necessary of the two for the perfect success of a stage representation.

In the playwright's skill is comprised the power of developing passion succinctly, with sufficient brevity to be strong, with sufficient amplitude to be intelligible, and of supporting it by a variety of movement and by action of such general interest as to engage the sympathies of divers classes of spectators. Besides this, there is needed such knowledge of construction as to lead on the audience to the close of the plot without any great effort on their part.

Constructive power of this description, with a complete apprehension of the requirements of the stage, very rarely accompanies the great gifts of the lyrical poet, and if we glance at the list of men thus distinguished we find it a small one. In Germany we count two—Goethe and Schiller; in France two—Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo; in England one—Shakespeare, unless indeed we consent to take in Dryden as a dramatist, which we might do for the quantity of his plays, but cannot for their quality. France possesses two other well-known poetical dramatists in Racine and Corneille, but they were not renowned as lyrical poets, neither were the great dramatists of Spain, De Vega and Calderon.

A poet who writes for the stage must be under grave difficulties if he lives away from the region of theatres; and those who have been most remarkable for this dual excellence have been constant lovers of the stage, if not in actual connection with it.

Goethe was an assistant in the direction of the theatre at Weimar; Schiller, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed theatre-poet at Mannheim; Musset was the intimate friend of Rachel, and almost lived at the Théâtre Français; Victor Hugo was an enthusiast for the acted drama, and made it one of his foremost objects in life to break the fetters of French tragedy and to make it soar; Shakespeare was an actor and a manager. It is enough for the lyric poet to know the secrets of nature and the recesses of the human heart, but an intimate acquaintance with the ways of the stage is required to make a great play-writer. When, therefore, Mr. Tennyson's tragedy of *Queen Mary* was announced some six years ago for representation at the Lyceum, then under the management of Mrs. Bateman, the warmest admirers of the poet were apprehensive as to the result; for Mr. Tennyson had lived his thoughtful life apart from the theatrical world.

They were not surprised, therefore, that this drama, though always noble in diction and often exalted in passion, failed to take a firm hold of the stage. The subject was unsympathetic to the general run of playgoers, and its treatment was deficient in variety.

The poet's next theatrical production was *The Falcon*, founded upon a somewhat repelling story of Boccaccio. It contained passages worthy of the poet; but it filled only one act, and is to be regarded rather as a dramatic recitation than as an acted play.

The tragedy of *The Cup*, now under our consideration, is in two acts, as short then as a tragedy can be; it has far more of dramatic interest and poetry than either of its predecessors, and leaves the mind stimulated and uplifted with a pervading sense of beauty.

The subject has the simplicity and passion suited to tragedy, and may be briefly told.

Sinnatus, the Galatian ruler of Galatia, subject to Rome, is engaged in a secret conspiracy against the Roman Government. He has a wife beautiful and devoted, Camma, whose charms have, unknown to herself, excited the passion of Synorix, a Galatian, who formerly held the position of Tetrarch of Galatia, now filled by Sinnatus. Expelled from Galatia on account of his tyranny and debauchery, he fled to Rome, and served three years with his army, doing his utmost against his native land; he returns to Galatia, urged by his love for Camma, with the resolve to win her for his own. As a first approach he sends her a cup rescued from a burning shrine of Artemis, in a city through which he passed with the Roman Army. In the letter which accompanies the cup he signs himself "a Galatian forced to serve in the Roman army."

After this he contrives to join Sinnatus in the chase, as a stranger Greek under a feigned name. The hunt concluded, he finds an opportunity of persuading Camma that he has been sent as a Roman spy to seize Sinnatus, whose conspiracy is discovered, and to deliver him up to Antonius, the Roman general, to be tortured, scourged, and slain. He assures her that he will not do this; but he adds that he has no power to save him from Antonius, who will arrive on the morrow. Camma alone can hope to prevail with the general, and for this purpose she must go to meet him at early dawn, when she will find him before the temple. To this proposal Camma listens, and is almost decided to embrace it, when Sinnatus appears, and denounces his false guest of the chase as the tyrant Synorix: he has been recognised by one whose wife he had dishonoured. Sinnatus, because he is his guest, shows him a way of escape from the enraged populace, but at the same time declares himself his mortal enemy. Camma now hesitates whether to follow this man's directions, but, impelled by terror for her husband, finally resolves to meet Antonius as proposed, but to carry her dagger with her. She goes; and, instead of the Roman general, finds Synorix, who reveals his passion. As he seeks to compel her to go with him, she draws her dagger; he wrests it from her. At this moment Sinnatus arrives and seizes Synorix, who, plunging the dagger into him, kills him on the spot. Camma takes refuge in the temple, of which she becomes high priestess. Synorix, having now regained the command of Galatia, asks her hand in marriage, and requests that the ceremony may take place on the day of his crowning. To the astonishment of the Galatians, she consents. The bridal rites are begun inside the temple with great pomp; Synorix prays before the shrine of Artemis for a blessing on his marriage. Camma's invocation, which follows, sounds like a curse. It is a Galatian custom that bride and bridegroom should drink from the same cup before the conclusion of the ceremony. Camma drinks out of the cup sent to her by Synorix, and then offers it to him. He drinks deep. She has poisoned the cup, and both die. Such is the outline of the story.

The first act closes with the death of Sinnatus outside the temple; the second and last with the suicide of Camma and murder of Synorix. This tragedy, then, is severely compressed; feelings and motives have to be explained themselves with remarkable brevity, and characters have to be read by electric flashes. This is the case with some of the old Greek plays, and also with the acted dramas of the modern French poet before mentioned, Alfred de Musset. There is nothing, however, in Mr. Tennyson's work, except its brevity, that in any way resembles that of Musset; there is far more of affinity with the Greek poets: the personages are few, the characters are rather outlined than painted, the events are dire, and the dialogue is somewhat scanty. If the words are scarce, however, they are beautiful; and the fatal consequences of Camma's error, though they appear precipitate, are not unnatural; nor does she herself fail to excite considerable interest: she is with her conjugal and her religious devotion, with her

tender fears and her resolute vengeance, essentially feminine; and she is invested by the poet with a singular, indescribable beauty.

It is in the scene where she awaits her lord, and he afterwards joins her, that she utters her sweetest harmonies; she apprehends danger for him, and taking up her lyre at once to soothe herself and to invoke his return she sings.

Afterwards when Sinnatus and Synorix come back from the hunt, they get into a hot discussion upon the signature of the sender of the cup, "a Galatian serving by force in the Roman army."

It must at once be felt by every reader that the dialogue, poetical and vigorous, picturesque and not unreal, the possible utterance of a possible man and woman, has no parallel upon our stage unless in Shakespeare's plays, while at the same time it has not the fault of aiming at Shakespeare's manner: a true poet cannot be imitative, and Tennyson is essentially original.

The heroic impulse which fires Camma in her reply to Synorix springs from a movement of swift indignation, sharp as it is womanly. The true wife, who hears her hearth and her faith menaced by a stranger, finds hot words for reply, and her imagination works fast and supplies ideas to her lord.

When that lord is killed by the treacherous stranger the passion of her love becomes the passion of vengeance, and to slay his slayer is her one thought. She has no power to destroy but that of craft, the only force of the conquered; therefore it is that she seems to accept his offered hand, and endures for a while the proceeding of bridal rites, not until her appeal to Artemis, betraying the secret desire of her heart.

Every line of the prayer of Synorix has its charm of delicious harmony, and rouses the imaginative intellect of the hearer; it is such an appeal as well might move a God to mercy and to benediction; while that of Camma, with its rapid conjuration of disastrous images hurrying towards a culmination of horror, compels the thunderpeal, and foretells a great catastrophe.

As dramatic poetry, these two invocations can hardly be surpassed; it is, however, surprising that Synorix should receive with so much calm a commination service in lieu of a marriage benediction, unless we suppose him cognisant of his bride's present detestation, and certain to make it yield hereafter. Granting this, it is still more astonishing that the great assemblage in the temple should not revolt at this curse, should not be startled into action, should not break up the meeting and cry out against the blasphemy.

It is impossible to suppose that, after so unequivocal a malediction from the high priestess, the ceremonials of the wedding should be suffered to continue.

In our own country and our own time it could not be; still less could it be in ancient Greece, where, upon a sacred occasion, nothing unpropitious was ever tolerated.

The conclusion of the tragedy comes somewhat abruptly upon the spectators, and viewed as an acted play, a little more explanation of motive and feeling might be desirable; but it is better to be too short than too long, and explanations long drawn out have been the ruin of many dramatists.

On the whole, this two-act tragedy has sufficient vitality to make it popular, even if it were shorn of some of its poetry, with its poetry, although, like all human works subject to criticism, of a rare beauty, whether we regard it as a stage representation or as a composition for silent study, and Mr. Irving's theatrical management surrounds it with fine influences. *FA*

The "vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in the city," "the grove upon the mountain," "the swaying vines," are visible to the outward eye without the trouble of thought; and the interior of the temple, rich and solid, with the bronze statue of Artemis in the background, fills the mind with a sense of awe and grandeur. The religious ceremonies are impressive, and if not chronologically exact are sufficiently suggestive of the time and place. Glowing colour and the perfume of incense help to stir the imagination, and the charm of music is added. The music of the chorus is especially remarkable for the force of its dramatic expres-

sion. All these things are important aids to a dramatist ; and a far greater one is to be found in the acting, for the two principal characters, Synorix and Camma, are filled by two performers capable of poetry in its highest significance—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Camma possesses everything, loses nothing, in Miss Terry's representation. Her fair beauty, her movement free and graceful, her tender tones, win the heart, and the passion of Synorix is at once understood. She wears the Greek costume as if she had been born in it ; and as if by chance, but probably by the study that knows how to conceal itself, she falls into positions which recall the best of the Greek sculptures. Her song of love and fear stirs our sweetest emotions, and when, as the Priestess—white and cold, with a stony stare—she moves on to her act of meditated punishment or revenge, she does not strut, or bellow, or assume a new character, but is still the same woman, though with another passion at her heart. She speaks verse with an appearance of spontaneity, and at the same time with a full appreciation of the sound and music of the poet.

and more than

Synorix is a personage who demands all Mr. Irving's skill and intellect to give him interest, for beyond his intelligence and strength of purpose he has no quality to call out sympathy. As now acted he is interesting. His ruling passion, his craft, his courage, and the destiny towards which he seems impelled to move, are so shown forth as to stimulate and constantly engage attention ; yes, even when the glow of the setting sun stealing over the mountain tops threatens to distract general observation ; and one of the audience exclaiming, "Oh ! look at the sunset, it is quite real !" is silenced by another, who replies in a tone of rebuke, "Hush ! Irving is going to speak, and he is still more a reality."²—*Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1881.

but less interesting

